

THE SENATE FOR CUBA

By a vote of 41 to 14 the Senate of the United States has adopted the following joint resolution:

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, That a condition of public war exists between the Government of Spain and the Government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America shall maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States.

This resolution is the same one that was reported last year from the Committee on Foreign Relations by Senator (now Secretary) Sherman, passed through both Houses by almost unanimous votes, and ignored by President Cleveland. It was then concurrent in form and had no legal effect. If passed in its present shape, either with the President's approval or over his veto, it will become a legislative act, which will have to be obeyed like other laws, unless Mr. McKinley can make good the theory of Cleveland and Olney that the President is beyond the reach of the lawmaking power in matters of this sort.

In view of the activity of the present Secretary of State in pressing the passage of the former Cuban resolution, the Administration would find it embarrassing to enter into a conflict with Congress over the present one.

The enemies of Cuba have done nobly in the matter of noise, and with the help of the brake of "Senatorial courtesy" they have delayed action for nearly two months. At last they have stood up to be counted, and we find that there are fourteen of them. If the question yesterday had been on the passage of the belligerency resolution over the President's veto, there would have been thirteen votes to spare above the necessary two-thirds.

The Administration has its forces under better control in the House than in the Senate. For the present, as the action yesterday in the matter of the relief appropriation showed, Speaker Reed can dictate the course of the Republican majority through his Committee on Rules. How long this control can be maintained is a question. It may be that the President, seeing that the heart of the American people is set on the rescue of Cuba, may decide to go with the rest. Yesterday's incidents in the Senate point that way.

The enemies of Cuba were plainly disheartened. Their resistance collapsed. They recognized their hopeless defeat, and the anti-Cuban leader, Mr. Hale, expressed the opinion that the adoption of the resolution would involve us in war. Maine is leading the opposition to liberty in both branches of Congress, and Reed and Dingley may decide to follow the example of Hale, permit a vote to be taken and content themselves with gloomy prophecies.

Whatever they may do, the course of the United States is fixed. A few obstructionists may be able temporarily to thwart the desire of the American people to give aid to the Cuban patriots, but guerrilla tactics will not succeed permanently in paralyzing the arm of this Republic.

One of the arguments advanced by GENTLEMEN AND the advocates of co-education is that the presence of women in colleges tends to refine the naturally savage instincts of the masculine students.

The frequenters of the classic halls of Cambridge, England, are exerting themselves to extract the force from this plea by proving that in their case no refining influence is necessary. As women have repeatedly proved that they can do as good work in the studies pursued at Cambridge as men, and sometimes better, it has been proposed to grant them the degrees they have earned, and the graduates of the University are to begin voting on this incendiary proposition to-day.

The conservatives, who are in the majority among the students, have adopted vigorous measures to convince the graduates of the impropriety of the step. In one college they have raised \$250 to be expended on fireworks or rotten eggs, in the respective contingencies of the defeat or the victory of the women. Many supporters of co-education have been induced, in consequence of these preparations, to alter their views. That thirty students in one college have subscribed to an oath not to accept their degrees if women receive the same privilege, and that many others have threatened to leave Cambridge and go to Oxford rather than submit to the hated association, are things to be taken seriously into account, but the really decisive consideration is the rotten eggs.

It has been the custom for some time for women to take the regular Cambridge examinations and receive certificates of proficiency if they passed, and the case of Miss Fawcett, who could not obtain the lowest degree, although she surpassed the entire undergraduate body in scholarship, and was certified to stand "Above the Senior Wrangler," attracted considerable attention. It is proposed now to grant degrees only to those women who pass with honors, while men can obtain them by simply scraping through. Thus the letters "B. A." are to represent much higher attainments in the case of a woman than in that of a man. Even this concession, however, shocks the conservative instincts of the Cambridge tribesmen, and the clans are mustering, eggs in hand, to defeat it.

Evidently Mr. Bryan was in luck last year in incurring the disapproval of the Yale students rather than that of the gentle exponents of polite learning at Cambridge.

No better test of the real trend of international competition, and of the facts which underlie the righteous making of tariffs exists than steel bars and rails and structural material. The steel and iron industry in its various forms has always been recognized by economists as a profitable basis, there is prima facie reason for all other manufacturers doing likewise, unless the element of disturbance is the outcome of causes entirely independent of those things which properly enter into the special conditions of manufacturing.

At the time of the visit of the British Iron and Steel Institute to this country, some six years ago, Sir Lowthian Bell, the president, asserted in an address that American skill and ingenuity in the adaptations of this great metallic corner-stone of national industry surpassed that of all the rest of the world; that unless there was a rapid improvement in British commercial methods and scientific processes her primacy as the great exporting centre would be in grave peril. Another president of the same institute, at its annual meeting in London, has made substantially the same prophecy, and American competition was discussed as a deadly rival to further British expansion.

What a comment this on the moth-eaten theory which underlies the tariff policy governing the Republican party, and how it stamps its spirit as madness in economics, as claptrap and demagogism in politics. With

America sending its most important metallic products all over the world, and successfully competing with the cheap labor of foreign countries by superior dexterity, one is forced to assume that if this country fails to accomplish the same result in other lines of production it is in virtue of purely commercial reasons. The difference in labor wages is more than compensated by superiority of machinery and earning power of the operative.

THE EASTERN TANGLE.

The Sultan is convinced at last that Europe does not intend to allow him to overrun and despoil Greece, and he has sulkily consented to a suspension of hostilities. The powers have given evidence that the limit of their patience, whose existence has been a matter of doubt until now, has been reached. They will not tolerate the annexation of Thessaly, or of any Christian settlement, by Turkey.

This decision is creditable to their hearts, if not to their heads. There is no logical reason for objecting to the subjugation of Christians on one side of an imaginary line while insisting upon it on the other. There is no essential distinction between Thessaly and Epirus. Both are Greek provinces by race, religion and history. Both were subject to Turkey twenty years ago. Both were promised to Greece by the Treaty of Berlin. The promise was eventually carried out in the case of Thessaly and broken in that of the greater part of Epirus. The powers now say that it is equally inadmissible for Greece to try to give liberty to Epirus and for Turkey to re-enslave Thessaly.

There are more Greeks under Ottoman rule than there are in the kingdom of Greece. If it be right to keep them in subjection to Turkish barbarism, as the fleets of Europe are ready to join in doing whenever they show a disposition to free themselves, why is it wrong for the Sultan to restore his rule over the rest of the race, in Thessaly and even in Athens? What magic is there in the line of 1881 which entitles the Hellenes within it to immunities denied to those outside?

European diplomacy has tangled itself in an inextricable snarl on the Eastern question. In dispensing with all morality and all logic it has put itself in a position from which there is no way out that does not involve humiliating admissions. It would be a source of satisfaction to normally constituted people throughout the civilized world if it should turn out that the "high politics" of the diplomats who pride themselves on their intellectual superiority to considerations of sentiment had emanated from the diseased brain of an imperial lunatic.

A porter in the service of the Pullman Palace Car Company writes to the Sun a letter which throws a curious light upon the methods of that corporation in dealing with its employees. The porter asserts that the wages of men following his occupation are but \$25 a month, and that from that sum, besides supporting their families, they must buy two uniforms a year, make good any shortage in food or supplies furnished the cars, besides paying for the accident insurance which any intelligent man in their position would naturally carry. Strangely enough, the complaint of the porters is not against the amount of their wages—though \$71.3 cents a day is scarcely fair pay for men who work nearly eighteen hours a day, Mr. Pullman has so thoroughly educated them in the belief that the travelling public, after paying him for a bed, must pay the man who makes it up, that the complaint of the porters is directed wholly against a regulation which may cut off their tips.

Nor are the porters alone in regarding the travellers as their paymasters while the Pullman concern is their employer. The Sun, on receiving the letter of complaint, promptly interviewed the assistant superintendent of the Eastern Division of the P. P. C.—the title really compels abbreviation. This potentate says: "You may depend upon it that if any order of this company makes it impossible for its employees to live decently, that order will be rescinded." Apparently this applies only to the order which has resulted in the curtailing of tips. May we depend upon it that the order which fixes \$25 a month as the wages of a Pullman porter shall be rescinded, or is it that the conscience of the Pullman corporation is only to be moved at the expense of the travelling public?

The belief that there is something wrong in the administration of hospitals is by no means a freshly formed conviction. The complaints which have filtered out are not, however, from those who have received treatment at hospitals as charity patients. The source of the reproach is from physicians themselves, who certainly should be expert witnesses as to faults of hospital administration. The fact that doctors complain because so many well-to-do patients, amply able to pay for medical attention, are permitted to avail themselves of the charity wards might per se be ascribed to selfish motive, however true the charge may be. But when to this is attached the corollary that the poor, for whose benefit hospitals are primarily planned, are crowded out and adequate accommodation for them is either denied or delayed, the gravamen of the charge becomes serious. A circular has been issued setting forth the abuses complained of and urging the establishment of a medical league to combat them.

There is scarcely a reputable physician in New York who is not burdened with a large amount of charitable practice, and the generous response of the profession is well known. When an additional burden is laid on the members by the inadequacy of hospital methods, it cannot be imputed for blame that they resent the fact. But this is the smaller consideration. Hospitals, whether established and supported by the city or by funds derived from wealthy givers, are designed for the poor. As such they are among the noblest and most essential of all charities. That those able to pay doctors' bills should play the part of sneak thief and avail themselves of charity endowment, thus gorging the limit of hospital facilities, is base enough. That hospital authorities should permit this abuse is, if not base in motive, at least a piece of wretched maladministration. It is charged that the hospitals receive an increment of income, from the fact that the sale of medicine or of surgical service from attendants amounts to a large annual sum, though the whole thing is nominally gratuitous.

However this may be, the alleged effect seems to be to swamp the hospital wards with those not primarily entitled to such charity, and to shut the doors to a considerable degree against those who have the chartered right. There is reason to believe that there is a big substratum of truth in the accusation, and if so it involves a heinous wrong, which should be investigated, to the bottom, and if need be redressed. One can scarcely fancy a more contemptible meanness than that which sends a well-to-do patient to a charity ward. There are enough of deserving sick poor to tax all our hospital facilities to the utmost. The medical profession will do itself honor in suppressing this evil, even if the removal thereof does not put money in the pockets of its members.

Up to the present time none of the Western authorities have prosecuted the Giants for being too aggressive in their ball playing.

Grand Wedding on the Hudson.

ONE of the largest weddings of the season will be celebrated on June 22, when Miss Lorena Langdon Barber will become Mrs. Samuel Todd Davis at the country residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amel Lorenz Barber.

The Barber place is one of the finest on the Hudson. It is conspicuous among the mansions of the millionaires that have sprung up around Ardsley and made the Ardsley Casino the centre of a society that fairly rolls in wealth.

Mr. Barber has been successful in turning asphalt into gold and used some of his gains in boosting the Ardsley Casino into its present prominence.

As a result of this interest in its welfare the club grounds will be en fete on the wedding day.

The preparations for the marriage are on the grandest scale. There will be as many as ten bridesmaids and an equal number of ushers. The wedding breakfast will be served on the lawn, and a dance will follow.

During the past Winter Mr. and Mrs. Barber have not occupied their house, No. 871 Fifth Avenue, but have lived in Washington, where they have one fine residence and are building another. They returned to New York yesterday.

The marriage ceremony will be performed by the bride's grandfather, the Rev. A. D. Barber, of Oberlin, Ohio. He will be assisted by Rev. Dr. Rankin, of Washington, who married Mr. and Mrs. Amel Barber, twenty-six years ago.

All of which is pretty and sentimental and is a relief from the contemplation of the asphalt basis of the Barber millions.

In the constant rush of American rich people to England to squander their money in an effort to see the Queen in the jubilee parade it is refreshing to note that Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Brooks are expected to return from Europe on Wednesday of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks will go directly to their Newport residence, where they will be welcome because they are needed.

There was great rejoicing in the clubhouse at Morris Park yesterday afternoon when Arthur White's horse, On Deck, won a maiden race.

Of course the fact that the chappies all had a bet down on the colt had something to do with the excessiveness and prevalence of joy, but that was not all there was in it by any means.

Arthur White is deservedly one of the most popular men on the turf. Everybody likes him, and when it came to a rather tight finish the "roving" for On Deck was one of the curiosities of the meeting.

When the horse finally won, the whole gang made a rush for White and nearly pulled his arms off in frantic congratulation.

It is to be hoped that this winning may mark a lucky turn in Arthur White's fortunes, which have not been the best in the last twelve months.

And, speaking of a change in racing luck, what is the matter with Augie Belmont's horse, when it came to a rather tight finish the "roving" for On Deck was one of the curiosities of the meeting.

Can you beat the turn that has come in the fortunes of the amiable and energetic president of the Jockey Club?

Last year his stable appeared to be overrun with counterfeits. This year he wins with nearly everything he starts—even Keenan.

What wonder is it that his face is wreathed in smiles or that his voice rings always with the joy that comes only from the heart that is content?

Much satisfaction was expressed yesterday with the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. "Charlie" Haysmeyer would spend the Summer at Roslyn, L. I.

The Long Island contingent needs all the happy couples it can get.

New York society will await with some impatience the visit of Mrs. Haig, of England and Scotland, which is promised for next Fall.

Mrs. Haig, if you will stop a moment to think, was Mrs. Coleman Drayton before that unfortunate, and to my mind, unnecessary Borrower scandal.

As the daughter of Mrs. William Astor she would command our interest in any event, but that isn't the chief thing just now. We want to see what Mr. Haig is like.

All the chappies and chappiesettes that truly love the horse will brave the discomforts of the Long Island Railroad to-day and make their way to Mineola, L. I., to take part in the equine exhibition to be given there. They are just as much a part of the show as the horses themselves.

At the same time they will show their horses. Among the exhibits will be August Belmont's Rosette and Coquette, Mrs. Belmont's Dimple, Mrs. J. E. Smith Hadden's Fad, Whittle Rutherford's Practice, Mrs. Edward R. Ladew's Gay Boy and Cock Robin, Mrs. Johnnie Shultz's West Chester and East Chester, Dick Carman's Baby May, William C. Whitney's Taffy, Marion Story's Can Can, Miss Margaret Kirkland's Macbeth, Willard Roby's Jim Crack, Miss C. Adelaide Doremus's Chester, H. V. R. Kennedy's Goshawk, H. L. Herbert's Sport, Sidney Dillon Ripley's Molly, Miss Bird's Merryboy, Sam Rowland's Antonio, Stanley Mortimer's Rondo and Ringer, Kinsey Magoun's Mr. Riley, and a score of others that I can't now recall.

But I have named enough to settle all doubt as to the quality of both owners and horses. I wouldn't miss the show for anything. So I shall go down to-day and maybe stay over for to-morrow, although the racing at Morris Park is so good this year that it is hard to choose between Westchester and Mineola.

Strange as it may seem, the chappies are taking the greatest possible interest in the divorce proceedings instituted by Lillian Russell against her last husband, Perugini. There was a hunger for details yesterday that was astonishing, especially among the racing set.

The fact Lillian has always loved a good horse, and there have been times when she backed her judgment that her winnings were tidy.

At the track yesterday was a chap who carried in his pocket a matchbox that was adorned with the likeness of a woman and a horse. The woman was Miss Russell. The horse was Rotterdam, two-year-old last year, that won at the comfortable odds of 20 to 1.

"I'll never forget that day," said the chap, as he gazed nervously at the beautiful face on his matchbox. "I put a hundred on her, and when the colt won and I had collected I counted out into her pretty hands twenty-one one-hundred dollar bills. Was she grateful? Yes, indeed. Mighty grateful and mighty kind."

Then he put the matchbox into his pocket and rushed away to the betting ring in search of another Rotterdam.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

WATTERSON REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS.

Louisville, Ky., May 19.—Henry Watterson, in the Courier-Journal to-day, under the caption, "The 'Cleveland Bogy,'" made the following reply to his newspaper critics:

Some observations touching Mr. Cleveland's pretensions to a third term in the Presidency, which lately appeared in these columns, have encountered at the least their full share of newspaper attention. This attention, however, has appeared rather in volume than in variety, for, with characteristic lack either of reflection or perspective, it has adopted the easy conclusion that a third Presidential term for anybody being an absurdity, the suggestion in this instance is an extravagance, to be treated with levity or contempt, whichever happens to fall in with the mood of the moment. The new journalist, who, in the realms of fancy, is very fertile of invention, sees nothing in the world of affairs except what is set before his mortal eyes and placed within reach of his rather limited mental vision. He thinks all else imagination, and, as it is a part of his trade to seem to be the embodiment of fact, he affects a lofty disdain of the occult in life or thought, which, indeed, is quite beyond his understanding. Thus the purpose of the Courier-Journal's writing, which was plain enough, is wholly lost in a dead-end of flimsy, commonplace and cheap wit, to which our esteemed contemporaries are most welcome if they think it helpful to their state of mind, or if it amuses them.

If True It May Not Be Important.

At the same time, and in the interest of good political and newspaper morals, we must maintain the only position we have assumed, that the ex-President expects to be very much in evidence three years hence, and that the banquet of the Reform Club, so-called, was given to give him the opportunity to issue his prospectus, and otherwise to exploit himself.

It may be that even if this be true it is not important. Assuredly it is not important if the likelihood of a third term is to be taken as a standard of its measurement; for, as a fourth-time candidate for President, Mr. Cleveland could hardly carry a single Congressional district in the Union. But this is not to say that he himself is of the opinion that he cannot; it is not to say that his satellites in the Reform Club, so-called, are of that opinion; and, particularly, it is not to say that his leadership, forced by money and machine pressure, may not seriously embarrass a great and noble cause.

"Political Nondescripts and Nincompoops."

Mr. Cleveland is not the man to reconstruct what by infinite blundering he destroyed. The political nondescripts and nincompoops of the Reform Club, so-called, are not the timekeepers to set the pace for the men of brains and brawn and blood, on whom the regeneration of Democracy must in the future rely. If anything were wanted to establish both premises conclusively it would be a twelve-dollar-a-plate dinner given in a gorgeous palace at a time when the whole country is feeling the pressure of hard times and (tens of thousands of the people are out of employment and more or less in actual want. That kind of a Democracy is almost as bad as the other kind that would relieve the public distress by depreciated silver and fiat paper. When parties, which are now in the fluid state, begin solidifying; when the best thought of the best men begins to be accepted by great multitudes of men now ranged in opposing camps; in short, when the time has come to rescue the Government from the extremes of rampant partyism, then it will not be the shortsighted Popocrat, or the thick-and-thin Republican—still less the bumptious Mugwump—who will man the ramparts and fill the breaches, but that great middle-class which is destined to constitute the glory of these United States as it has long constituted the glory of England, and which at the present moment is not in politics at all.

Cleveland's Celebrity All His Own.

But Mr. Cleveland? What of Mr. Cleveland? Obviously, inevitably an imposing figure. As Mr. Kingle's aeronaut, who, having twice fallen from a balloon without hurting himself, excited universal interest, Mr. Cleveland, having broken all political records, could hardly conceal himself if he would, and must appear a perpetual wonder and delight to the young gentlemen of the University of Princeton. Nobody has the right to challenge his celebrity. That is his own. But, if this be put forward fraudulently, as a political asset, and, under cover of this fraudulency an adroit movement is set up to foist him into a leadership his shortcomings and misadventures long ago made forfeit, those who do not like it may protest. Because the Courier-Journal does protest it is accused by some of hating Mr. Cleveland and by others of making a much-ad-about-nothing.

Let us see how the matter stands. Did Mr. Cleveland hope to get the nomination in 1896, or did he not? No one could get him to say in advance that he would not take it. The late Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, went to Washington during the Winter of 1895-6 to ascertain his wishes, and all he was able to be sure of was that Mr. Cleveland would not say "no." A little later it was freely rumored both in Boston and in Washington that in response to a movement looking to his own nomination, Mr. Richard Olney had interposed on the ground that Mr. Cleveland desired the nomination. Certain it is that another member of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet openly and earnestly advocated a third term for his chief. Certain it is that this met no dissent from Mr. Cleveland. Certain it is, finally, that to the very meeting of the Chicago Convention Mr. Cleveland was as dumb as an oyster. But, when his name was suggested at Indianapolis—the nomination in that instance being purely sacrificial—he was prompt and resonant enough with the declaration that, under no circumstances, would he accept it.

Posing as "His Reluctancy."

With respect to the future, we can only reason from the past. From the hour of his exit from the White House in 1893, Mr. Cleveland and his office-holders were busily engaged organizing for 1892. His part of the programme was to pass as the retired statesman and philosopher. He made few public appearances, but he wrote many private letters. Occasionally a few words were allowed "accidentally" to drop out of these letters, which represented him in the character of "His Reluctancy."

One of the nearest bits of finesse was "dropped" out of a letter to General Bragg, of Wisconsin, touching the "disgrace" the writer felt at the "soliciting" of the Presidency, and, curiously, this got on the wires just as Senator Hill had reached Atlanta on his ill-starred journey to Mississippi. Another clever bit was "dropped" in Chattanooga, by means of which it was modestly doubted whether the writer ought to be again nominated for President, or was, after all, the most available candidate. Meanwhile, the ex-office-holders were everywhere working up public opinion and setting up delegates, not a hard thing to do since Governor Hill was the only active rival in sight. They thought if he got back they would get back. Alas and alack! Other people besides the village maiden in the ballad can have "a naughty little twinkle in her eye." The Homestead riots, charged, along with the Pinkertons, to the party in power, transferred the trades unions in a body from the Republican to the Democratic column, and, against all reasonable calculation, Mr. Cleveland "got back," and, when he found himself again in the White House, one of his first acts was to announce that no "old office-holders" need apply. Thus rotation in office once again became good Democratic gospel, except in his own case.

The "Boom" in Full Swing.

Such is the record of Mr. Cleveland as an aspirant. Concurrent with the speech before the Reform Club, so-called, biographies of the ex-President begin to float about. From across the sea his dear friend, Mr. Bayard, not having the cue or the gift of silence, accepts the third-term suggestion as a matter of course, while Mr. Carl Schurz is promptly in the field with a brilliant exposition of the virtues of Mr. Cleveland's "Second Administration." And, the Literary Bureau fairly going, it will continue to go between this and 1900.

The case of Mr. Cleveland and his satellites rests upon the expected break-up of parties and the supposed need of his leadership of the party of orderly government and sound economics; and, however much they may deny these imputations, it will be developed that no word of renunciation can be wrung from him as the one responsible person named in the indictment.

The Courier-Journal simply protested that a political situation, having many possibilities, should thus be misappropriated and in advance handicapped by any personal interest. If Mr. Cleveland had in his mind some other purpose he could greatly have strengthened his speech and advanced the cause he affects to serve by an appeal to his countrymen carrying some guarantee of disinterestedness. He could earnestly, appropriately, have disclaimed any further ambitions. He is not that kind of man. His speech was as plain a partisan bid as words could make it, and as time advances this will be sufficiently verified, only the new journalism, which remembers nothing, will forget to-morrow what it said but yesterday, and proceed to stigmatize everything it does not see out of the back of its head as a figment of somebody's "disordered fancy."

Chang is on the Wave.

Chang Yuen Hoon, Special Envoy of the Emperor of China, sailed to represent the Emperor at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.—Morning Paper.

Farewell to the Envoy whose first name's Chang.

Who hails from the vales of Y'lang Y'lang, Whose front name's Chang and whose last name's Hoon,

Whose face is as round as the full May moon;

Farewell to this Envoy who sails the sea With a bosom as light as his fancy's free, To represent on a foreign shore The imperious Chinese Emper-

At Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

Farewell to the Envoy's crowd, unsung, And the first on the list is Liang Sung, And then there's the beautiful Chun Kang Chi,

Whose smile is the gold of the perfect plover; There's Mr. Koo and there's Yen Chung Fee.

Both slaves to the afternoon cup of tea; Oh, these are a few of the retinue That Chang is taking across the blue To court at the Diamond Jubilee.

A Summer day mission is Mr. Chang's, May his joy be as long as the queue that hangs Down the line of his spinal and lightly swing As the rose on the tunic of Liang Sung. On a carpet of blossoms, oh long may he To the song of the dove in the tulip tree Go dancing, as light as the white moon-beam.

Booming Bynam.

The people who will have an opportunity should not fail to hear Mr. Bynam's lecture. These persons who want to pay their debts in 50-cent dollars are just 50 per cent better than those who don't pay their debts at all, but this is wrong, and Mr. Bynam explains and embellishes it in the most beautiful and touching manner.

Continues to Thrive.

[Boston Herald.] The Irish fair in New York continues to thrive. Shillelagh, the Irish gait, has eaten all the grass in County Monaghan and topped off his feast with three yards of green hunting from the Donegal booth.

Should Be Large.

[Washington Star.] There is nothing to indicate how much of an extra commission a broker who goes to jail in behalf of his clients should be permitted to charge. But the percentage should in all justice be a very large one.

Money Talked.

[Washington Star.] In connection with Cuba the Senate displayed a remarkable and praiseworthy willingness to let the \$50,000 do the talking.

Congress Advised.

[Detroit News.] Congress might also appropriate a few thousands for the relief of those Senators who did not get the tip on the sugar market soon enough.

The New Style.

[Washington Post.] They tried an old-fashioned bank robbery in an Iowa town the other day, but it was a rank failure. The people are becoming so advanced in their ideas that a bank robbery without a typewriter attachment is not regarded as being in good form.

The Sultan.

[Washington Post.] The Sultan is after a piece of Greece, and will talk about the other sort of peace later of.

Cheap Sport in the Country.

"I am going up to my fishing club in Maine," said a New Yorker with a grip-sack in his hand at a friend whom he chanced to meet in front of the Grand Central Depot yesterday.

"And I am going up to my club in the Adirondacks," replied the other.

"We've got 50,000 acres of the best shooting and fishing in the country, and not more than twenty-five members of the club really do any serious work with the rod or gun."

"We've got 120,000 acres in our preserve," rejoined the first speaker, and thereupon a man who had overheard the conversation fell to wondering how much of the wild land of our country was held by sportsmen living in the big cities and spending perhaps a fortnight out of each year on their big preserves. Not very many years ago the great wilderness of Maine, the Adirondacks and Canada were all open territory where any man was at liberty to hunt, fish and pitch a tent. Now it is a difficult matter to find good sport without either tramping on club preserves or else going many miles back into the virgin forest. This is not surprising when we remember that these vast tracts can be rented for a very few cents an acre, so that a club member has only to pay \$50 a year dues and his own personal expenses while in camp, in order to enjoy the very best sport that the whole country affords. New Yorkers are becoming more and more addicted to outdoor life of every description, and there are a hundred athletic and sporting clubs here now where there was one a score of years ago.

The fact that Mrs. Langtry's long-sought-for divorce has been granted to her without exciting any but the very feeblest spark of interest in the minds of a public that for years followed the doings of the famous English beauty with feverish interest, again illustrates the fleeting quality of all earthly fame. When Mrs. Langtry first came to New York, bringing with her the glamour of nobility and royalty, and chaperoned by Mrs. Labouchere, she could not appear on Fifth Avenue or Broadway without running the risk of being mobbed, so eager were the American people to behold her face, and when, by reason of the burning of the Park Theatre on the very eve of what was to have been her debut, her first appearance was postponed, habitual playgoers went about their accustomed duties moodily and nervously, counting the hours that must elapse before they could see her face. Mrs. Langtry, who has never been called a fool, contrived to keep herself prominently in the public mind for a great many years, and the harvest that she reaped by so doing was enormous, but now her glory is departed, and neither here nor in England will she ever command general attention again.

"Yes," said the Summer commuter, as he rested a small basketful of tomato plants upon the rail of the ferry boat. "I have left my flat for the Summer, and am now out at Mosquitovilla, N. J."

"What do you do out there?" asked his city friend, who was on his way to a wedding at Collygog.

"Oh," said the commuter, "I have lots of exercise. I rise in the morning and dig in the garden till breakfast time, and I feel first rate all day. Then I water all the things at night, and it keeps me in fine trim."

"Don't you know," said the city man, "that you can raise tomatoes in starch boxes on the high flat window sill and—"

"I know all about that," enthusiastically broke in the Summer commuter, "because I used to do it myself. But you don't get the air and exhilaration. This taking the box in and putting it on your lap while you do the weeding is not like performing the same office under the open blue sky, when the birds are singing on the dewy bough and the jingle of the cow bell floats sweetly up from the pasture. This farming in a flat up at Central Park, with the chickens roosting on the clotheshorse and the ducks quacking under the washstand when they are not swimming in the bathtub, and the dog running in mad circles that nothing may stop him, is an exploded theory of horticultural joy."

"Are you going to set those tomato plants out to-night?" asked the city man, laughing.

"I am," was the reply, "and that is why I am taking the early train. But what are you laughing at?"

"My own experience, which will be yours. I once set out two dozen tomato plants in the suburb, and they were eaten by the potato bugs, which you will find are all-round vegetarians. I replaced the plants, and soon became so tired of the never ending task of weeding that I employed a boy to look out for them. All through the Summer I bought my tomatoes in the city market, and when my own were ripe, about the 25th of August, the peddlers were selling finer specimens for 40 cents a bushel. I tell you, the only way to raise tomatoes in the rural districts is out of a can."

"But isn't there anything else in it?" asked the Summer commuter.

"Yes," replied the city man, "there is lots of malaria in it, and you'll take ten goulaine pills for every tomato you raise if you have an experience similar to mine. You might as well try to hatch out turkey eggs under a rattlesnake."

The Summer commuter edged off as the boat approached the Hoboken pier as if to seek the protection of his friends, who were burned with lawn mowers, grass seed, lettuce plants and other things that go to make suburban life a perennial pancake of unadulterated joy.

Will Be Important.

[Washington Star.] The Queen's Jubilee will be an event of tremendous historic importance if it passes without giving rise to some alteration as to precedent or the proprieties in connection with uniform.

Money Talked.

[Washington Star.] They tried an old-fashioned bank robbery in an Iowa town the other day, but it was a rank failure. The people are becoming so advanced in their ideas that a bank robbery without a typewriter attachment is not regarded as being in good form.

The Sultan.

[Washington Post.] The Sultan is after a piece of Greece, and will talk about the other sort